melody experiment

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/51832258.

Rating:
Explicit

Archive Warning:
Underage

Category:
M/M

Fandom:
Rick and Morty

Relationship:
Evil Morty/Morty Smith (Rick and Morty)

Characters:
Evil Morty (Rick and Morty), Morty Smith

Additional Tags:
Post-Episode: s07e05 Unmortricken (Rick and Morty), established rickorty mentioned, Explicit Sexual Content, Developing Relationship, Pining, Past Rape/Non-con, Frottage, Denial of Feelings, Anal Sex, Bottom Morty Smith, Top Evil Morty (Rick and Morty)

Language:
English

Stats:
Published: 2023-12-23 Words: 8,521 Chapters: 1/1

melody experiment

by holland1945

Summary

Evil Morty rationalizes his feelings for Morty Prime after seeing him again. [S7 spoilers]

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

In his solitude, Evil Morty doesn't have to defend himself to anyone, but being your own judge and jury is exhausting. He sighs and brings up his birds-eye view of what's occurring within the curve. He tells himself it's justifiable to check in on Rick C-137, the one who's continuously caused him trouble. Evil Morty dangled the threat of the Omega Device over his head–he has to make sure his bluff isn't being tested. He doesn't spend too much time looking at him, though. It's his Morty that Evil Morty can't keep his eyes off of. He's a formidable one. Brave, in the way a prey animal can be in the face of danger. Quick-witted comparatively, too. Evil Morty invited him to come live here once. Morty brushed it off. He went running back to his Rick despite everything, and Evil Morty is left to judge himself for that rejection.

Of course, it was Rick C-137 who gave reason for Evil Morty to step foot back into the curve. He gained leverage from it, the weapon plans, and hopefully broke Rick's spirit a bit by assisting in killing that strange Rick he'd been chasing after for so long. Evil Morty saw that in the days following their impromptu team-up, Rick had been catatonic on the garage floor, the bottles piling up and shattering under drunken hobbles to get even more liquor. Pathetic. And sweet Morty was the one to bring him out of that state, so undeserving it made Evil Morty sick. It's a typical Morty behavior to do that–playing Rick's barmaid. But something about this Morty doing it–

Another day. Evil Morty doesn't really keep track of time, not in the traditional sense, but he knows time has passed in the Curve because things in the Smith household have shifted, like board game pieces circling the same playing field in perpetuity. Jerry's pruning his lavender bushes, which he does once a week. Summer coughs up a lung using Tricia's rig because Beth is too wine-drunk to care. Rick is at a strip mall, speaking to a woman in a cramped office. And Morty–he's alone. Not watching porn, not playing video games or doing schoolwork. All things he could do since Rick is occupied. He does none of it.

It's so sad. Morty doesn't know how to function with Rick. This vengeance-fulfilled, new trajectory in life Rick isn't so easily distracted by adventures that torture Morty in some sexually gratuitous way.

It feels like there's an angel Morty and devil Morty on Evil Morty's shoulders. He's sure he saw Mortys like that on the Citadel, or maybe it was just costumes at the Creepy Morty. He had thought it was cute, in the way people putting their dogs in little outfits is cute. That

undertone of pity and shame which permeates and maybe adds to it in some sick way.

Against his better judgment, Evil Morty feels for his portal gun in his pocket. He presses the button and steps through before he can change his mind.

Morty's breath hitches and there's the slam of his tiny body against his bedroom wall when a portal that's yellow and not green materializes in broad daylight.

"Wh-wh-what are you–we aren't–Rick's not f-fracking the curve or whatever it is you–"

Morty is frantic, looking every which way. Rick isn't here, which is why Evil Morty came. Seeing Morty like this both frustrates and endears him to Evil Morty.

"I know. The two of you aren't doing anything. You're run-of-the-mill Ricks and Mortys now. How's it feel?"

"Um," Morty swallows. "A-are you like…a hologram? Is Rick–"

"You think the guy who's been unconscious in the garage on-and-off since you last saw me is sittin' there like– *ah, yeah, here's what I'm gonna do, that'll really fuck with Morty* ," Evil Morty mimes his impression of Rick's mannerisms to Morty's discontent.

"Alright, I get it," Morty rubs his eyes. "Then why are you–you said for us not to come after you."

"Yeah," Evil Morty says. The portal dances behind him, unwavering. "I came here. You didn't do shit."

"Oh," Morty says stupidly, and before another thought enters his mind his feet are pushing off the bed and he's next to Evil Morty.

He swears Evil Morty's a little taller than him, or maybe it's just his energy, that dangerous presence that elevates him in Morty's mind. Somehow, he isn't afraid. He's used to feeling small. It's a comfort. Shrinking himself down for others may be a maladaptive habit but when Rick protects him it feels so, so good.

"Th-then what? Are you kidnapping me or somethin'? Rick will–"

Evil Morty rolls his eyes. “Jesus, no, that’s the last thing I want,” he stares at his feet. He hasn’t been in this bedroom in a long time. His own looked exactly the same. He jacked off under those sheets, did illicit things to that doorknob.

“A-are you,” Morty stares at his feet, too. “Did you miss me, then?”

His tone is light but Evil Morty isn’t stupid. Morty’s good with feelings. Evil Morty can’t get anything past him. Showing up in Morty’s bedroom when his parting words were a reminder of how he hoped never to see either of them again is incriminating enough. How does this keep happening?

“I mean,” Morty speaks in his silence. “I-I’d be sad if I never saw you again.”

They teamed up once. Just like that, Evil Morty is cleared in Morty’s mind. Bred for it. It’s so nice having that forgiveness directed towards him, though. Evil Morty could get drunk on it.

“Well, here I am,” Evil Morty says, throat dry, and he wordlessly beckons Morty to follow him through the portal. Obediently, he does. Maybe a dog can have two masters.

Morty’s used to it. The harsh and thoughtless tug on his wrist or shoulder that’s perpetually bruised and the bright swirl of light that follows. He knows he’s sick in the head but it makes his stomach feel funny–that brutal need it all implies, that he’s the one being thrust through portals in tow with Rick. The first choice. Rick makes it clear that Beth and Summer aren’t who he wants on adventures if he can help it. Being grandpa’s favorite has its downsides, but Morty won’t tell them that.

This is new, though. The gentler touch. Young hands, mirror images of his own. Slipping through a veil of muddled yellows instead of greens. Morty is tugged again and again to a place where Rick doesn’t exist, guilty and thrilling as the visits grow more frequent and suspicion is certainly in place.

“Um,” Morty says, planting his feet on the solid ground of Evil Morty’s personal paradise. What an honor, he thinks, to be the only other living being to be invited here. “Th-thanks for–”

He wipes a tear. He knows Evil Morty's been keeping an eye on him. He's used to that, too–for someone who hates Ricks so much, Evil Morty has some similarities. Constant surveillance is a strange way to express only having eyes for one person, but it's as close as Morty might get to a real romance. Morty supposes why they're both attractive to him, something he can't unpack now, or ever, really. It's surprisingly formulaic– Rick's a little too harsh or a one-off day at school goes poorly, Morty's tears hit the pillow and then like clockwork, there's a flash of yellow at his bedside, the same place Rick drunkenly rambles at times.

"Mm," Evil Morty says, dismissively.

He beckons Morty to recline and look at the sunset projected across the forcefield. Evil Morty claims to hate the ingrained obedience of Mortys but seems to like it just fine bossing Morty around.

His mannerisms are adorable to Morty in their familiarity. It's funny to see Rick-traits on someone who looks just like Morty. The denial of emotions only paints a clearer picture to Morty of how strong they are, just how much they're torturing the beholder. Rick always does that–putting in the effort to hurt Morty is an energy expenditure, something he doesn't do for everyone because he doesn't need to. Rick can be nice to Summer because it doesn't matter. But Evil Morty is like Morty, too. Morty knows his heart's in there, just compartmentalized.

They don't talk, and Morty isn't sure how much time passes but he remembers feeling sleepy eventually, even though that doesn't make sense as there was no real warmth of sunlight shining down on him, and he's back in his bed like it was just a very comfortable dream.

"Rick's really–he's been working on himself. I'm proud of him. I-it's just. Lonely, I guess. And change is hard, y'know? I, uh, we were always together and–"

"I don't bring you here to vent to me about your shitty boyfriend," Evil Morty says, stretching out on his beach chair.

It's a shame that to disengage from Ricks meant to separate from everything and everyone. He might've liked to sit on the beach and ogle older women during his summer vacation. Not like time off from school means much to Ricks. He makes Morty's schedule.

Morty turns to face him, pouting. “Then what *do* you bring me here for?”

Evil Morty decides to move past Morty’s lack of correction on Rick being adjacent to a boyfriend, a lover. He wonders what they call one another. Maybe just “Rick and Morty” is enough. It carries its own meaning, for better or for worse. Until death do they part. What a nightmare.

Calling it a routine would be too generous, but the fact that Morty’s eyes light up when Evil Morty arrives and he hops through his portals without question may speak to his dangerous stupidity and tendency for blind trust more than anything else. Rick surely knows at this point because Morty’s room is bugged more than any other location in the Smith home bar the garage. Maybe Rick ignores it because of the ever-looming threat of the weapon plans. He can rent out his toy from time to time. Morty is always home within a few Earth hours, anyway. Evil Morty would make a stand-up prom date.

Evil Morty sighs. He did tee himself up for that one. But Morty has a strange way of dragging up emotional vulnerability. “Anything but that,” he says eventually, avoiding the question.

“A-anything?”

Evil Morty doesn’t like the way Morty says that, and before he knows it Morty’s planted himself at the edge of Evil Morty’s reclined chair with a shit-eating grin.

“I think,” Morty says, placing a thoughtful finger on his lips, “it’s lonelier out here than you want to admit. There’s a liiiiittle bit of me in there,” he motions to Evil Morty’s head to which he rolls his one visible eye. “I–I know I get lonely. I mean. I’m a wreck ‘cus Rick’s been busy.”

Busy. That’s an interesting way to describe someone who splits his time drinking in a garage and rambling at a rented unit in a strip mall pretending he can change. Even if he did, would it matter? To most people, no. To Morty–his Morty–

"That's convenient for him, huh," Evil Morty says. It's convenient for Evil Morty, too, that he gets to have Morty when Rick neglects him.

"Maybe,” Evil Morty continues. He hasn’t scooted away from Morty’s intrusion on his chair. Morty’s jeans rub against the worn material of

his own. “We can talk about it less. And just take it for what it is. Okay?”

“Okay,” Morty says, and Evil Morty can’t deny the warmth that pools in his stomach when Morty answers to him and not to Rick.

“This place is so big,” Morty says, twiddling his fingers and following Evil Morty. It is big, and he really could get lost. “Y-you got housekeeping out here?”

Evil Morty smiles but Morty can’t see it. He has a legion of robots to do his bidding, including cleaning up his kitchen and bathrooms and changing his sheets, but explaining that feels unnecessary. It’s disarming to hear his own voice, wobbly and uncertain, echoing through the long pathways of his paradise. He’ll admit it. He has a little crush on this Morty. He can’t deny it after bringing him here countless times, doing nothing but basking in his presence. They look the same, but having Morty here is so, so different than looking in the mirror. Morty is compliant. He’s accustomed to feeding off scraps, taking what he can get without question. But there’s this look he gives, one that definitely pisses off his Rick, a knowing little smirk.

“Um, I mean, it-it’s really beautiful. You came up with all of this yourself?” Morty continues. The silence must be uncomfortable for him, the drunken ramblings of an old man filling his eardrums and spitting on his face most of the time.

“It’s an improvement on the Citadel for sure,” Evil Morty says.

They’ve reached a dining terrace, one of several. Crawling ivy hangs down from structural beams and holographic sunlight streams through them, dancing across the marble. The table’s already set with too much food for two scrawny fourteen-year-olds to eat but hearing Morty’s elated gasp at the spread is all Evil Morty wanted.

“Sit,” Evil Morty says.

Morty’s eyes bounce around the table. There are only two seats, and there’s something about the implication of a second seat that had no reason to exist before has him feeling funny, the way he does when Rick creates a new vehicle and there’s always a second, smaller spot just for him.

“Um, wh-which one–”

“Either,” Evil Morty answers immediately. The seats are across from each other, perpendicular to the dining table’s length. It’s a thin table, though. Evil Morty could reach across. Play footsie like he knows Morty loves to do at the Smith’s dining table.

Morty decides on the seat facing away from the view. An interesting choice, but it’s because of that ingrained selflessness. The only thing he can look at from this angle is–

Evil Morty sits down. The hologram sky paints a picture of a sunny afternoon, matching the time of day he picked up Morty earlier. A yellow sun and fluffy clouds, even the chirping of birds and hum of airplanes. Morty is framed perfectly by it all. Evil Morty wishes Morty picked the other seat at the table.

“You can eat,” Evil Morty says.

He should hate it. This reminder of all he worked so hard to leave behind. A kicked puppy who needs permission to do just about anything. But when it’s Evil Morty he’s yielding to, as he should be, like he should have chosen, it feels right, like some cosmic puzzle piece falling into place.

Morty serves himself. It’s all Earthly delights. Leaving the curve doesn’t mean leaving behind the few things Evil Morty did enjoy about it. Namely, pizza. Evil Morty rolls his eyes at how Morty eats without further question. This could all be poisoned. Melt his guts from the inside, break his delicate skin into rashes and bubbly hives to be delivered back to the Parmesan dimension in a fleshy puddle labeled “Morty”.

“‘S’good,” Morty says through a mouthful.

Evil Morty isn’t hungry. He’s distracted. He places a slice on his plate to pretend that he’s thinking about something that isn’t the boy in front of him. Evil plans. Adventures through the infinite cosmos. How much he hates Ricks. Those are easy to grasp. The messy knots in his stomach have nothing to do with hunger, though, he’d prefer to keep ignoring it because it’s incomprehensible.

Morty is staring, licking pizza grease off his fingers.

“There’s napkins,” Evil Morty says.

“Uh huh,” Morty says, not really hearing him. “Um, this–this is really nice. Doing all this for me.”

Evil Morty takes a bite, finally, because he doesn’t want to talk. Then, “Your standards are impossibly low. You know that, right?”

Morty laughs, wiping his fingers on his jeans, ignoring the napkins still. They’re so…fourteen, at times.

“Yeah, I guess. B-but, you’re Evil Morty. And you m-made a whole lunch date thing for me.”

Evil Morty recalls his time on the Citadel. It isn’t even the first time he’s done this for Morty Prime. It’s nice not having Ricks around, though.

“I’m from a special line of Mortys with an etiquette implant. Just had a bit of an evil malfunction.”

Morty’s eyes widen. “Really?!” he says, before realizing the sarcasm and deflating a bit.

Evil Morty can’t resist teasing him. It’s funny, the things he didn’t realize he’d miss.

“Huh,” Morty says.

He’s mulling over where exactly Evil Morty came from. There’s Mortys born biologically and those who are pieced together in vats and Petri dishes and test tubes by Ricks. Who never had a family, not a real one. Morty Prime is as real as they come. The blood of that strange Rick pumps through his veins, maybe endearing him even more to Rick C-137 because of it.

“I helped kill your grandpa,” Evil Morty says. “It kinda checks out that you’re related to that guy. Maybe that's why I like you.”

There’s only crust left on Morty’s plate. Evil Morty is the same. Always tossing the crusts away. Only wanting the best part.

“I–that guy isn’t my grandpa. Wasn’t. I never even met him before–b-before all that shit,” Morty says, face red. “ *Morty Prime* ” sounds fucking dumb, d-don’t ever call me that.”

“Or what? You’ll kill me?” Evil Morty smiles.

The hum of all the machinery keeping Evil Morty's dome afloat seems especially loud as the backdrop of this conversation. Getting to talk like this is nicer than Evil Morty can admit.

"I'm Morty C-137. If anyone asks," Morty pouts. So stubborn. This Morty–Prime, C-137, Parmesan, whatever he is–his possessiveness could almost match that of a Rick. "I used to introduce myself like that. I-I did it. At your hideout place."

Morty looks dreamy in his recollection. Evil Morty held him prisoner, and he's speaking of it like a nostalgic memory. Compared to your average Rick adventure, it probably wasn't so bad. Even then, Morty subverted his expectations, empowering the other imprisoned Mortys, kick-starting a prison break. The admiration must have started there. A little seed planted that blossomed into what Evil Morty now feels when he looks across the table at Morty, messy-faced and grinning for no reason.

"Whatever you say, Morty," Evil Morty says, fondness escaping.

Evil Morty has no idea how one pizza is somehow too big for two fourteen-year-old boys to finish. They're both a bit distracted and it's so nice. There are no bugs to buzz around it here but it seems unappetizing abandoned on the sunny terrace.

When Morty leans across the table to kiss Evil Morty, uncoordinated and messy, he doesn't pull away.

Now that it's happening, Evil Morty can admit he's wanted this since he pushed Morty into that holding cell on his first keep, since the fall of the Citadel. He doesn't handle rejection as well as he'd like to think. Being rejected for a Rick, that drunken, abusive bastard that handles his Morty with little regard for his well-being–Evil Morty can blame it on the way Mortys are bred all he wants. It hurt, though.

Cunning and genius aside, Evil Morty's still a Morty. He's free to jack off all he wants on this paradise of his own making. Sex robots and fleshlights and all the porn in the multiverse. But there's no real chance of a Jessica inventing interdimensional travel and he isn't keen on testing the waters within the horrors of the infinite and what that might ultimately do to his dick. He has biological needs. That's what he tells himself.

This is nice. Morty in his bed, writhing and whining and wrinkling up Evil Morty's pristine sheets. Evil Morty is sure Morty's never been fucked in a place this comfortable. Evil Morty recalls alien truck stops, bug-ridden motels and the boozy backseat of his various Ricks' ships. Most Ricks are at least smart enough to fuck their Mortys away from home. A step up from all of that isn't hard to achieve. Evil Morty wonders if part of this is healing some broken part of himself or if he's been listening in on Rick C-137's shrink too often.

He's sure Morty's already gone over the pros and cons of the threshold they're passing in that pretty little head of his. The ethics of this–whatever this is. Clearly, he's reached the conclusion, or maybe his teenage hormones have, that he wants this. He wants Evil Morty. In this way. His regular lay is his grandfather, anyway. Nothing can be worse than that.

Evil Morty can finally admit, meeting Morty halfway, that he wants this too. Desperately and wanting nobody else. It's a bit funny. Evil Morty owns Rick C-137 with the threat of the weapon plans. But who he really wants to own, tug around on a leash and have at his beck and call, gentler than a Rick would ever be is just out of his grasp. Morty is here now and it's almost more painful to only be allowed a taste but Evil Morty will blame Rick once more–he wants what isn't good for him.

He can pretend, in this moment, that things went differently at the Citadel. The second seat wasn't a toilet. It wasn't. They're roughly the same size but Evil Morty is imposing over Morty, the shadow of him crawling over Morty's body as artificial light streams in through the still curtains. There's no breeze here, no natural warmth. Morty's body is the warmest, realest thing in this keep. Evil Morty wants to draw it out of him, bottle it up for later when he can't have him. He knew it was a mistake to come back because this Morty is different. He worms his way into you. Even Rick C-137 isn't immune.

Evil Morty doesn't want to think about Ricks when his hand is down Morty's pants. So warm there, too. He palms Morty's cock curiously. Morty's a little heater, bursting at the seams with endless love to give. It should feel the same–Evil Morty's spent hours, days, with his hand down his own pants but this is–

Evil Morty shuts his eyes, taking it in, blinded by the sheer brightness that is Morty Prime.

“Um,” Morty grabs Evil Morty’s wrist. “Are we–what are you–”

Evil Morty pulls his hand away, angry and amazed all the same.

“Are you asking if I’m gonna fuck you? So you can call your Rick real quick and ask permission?”

Evil Morty shoves a knee into Morty’s crotch, digs in against the hardness there to hear him moan, protests disappearing into the cosmos.

“I’m gonna do what I want with you. Nothing more or less. Alright?”

Evil Morty takes a hand under Morty’s chin, forcing him to look up at him. The master of this world, if no other. Morty came here willingly. He’s a bit evil too for wanting to get away, even for a while.

“I–I want you to,” Morty whispers, rutting back against Evil Morty’s knee. “I like. Y’know. Being used.”

“I know,” Evil Morty sighs. “Such a good pet. C’mere.”

Confusion washes over Morty’s face before he’s swept into Evil Morty’s lap, his back against the bed frame. He doesn’t waste any time before unbuttoning Morty’s jeans and slipping a hand under the waistband of his underwear, plain white once upon a time but now stained and pilled to the point they’re kind of yellow. Evil Morty snakes his free arm around Morty’s neck, a light hold but a hold still. Morty’s shirt is riding up from how much he’s squirming, more of his skin being exposed and Evil Morty almost wants to undress himself so they can touch like that, mirror images melding together in a test-tube.

“And if Rick’s mad later,” Morty whispers. “Th-that’s fine too.”

Something about that makes Evil Morty want to hold Morty tight and never let him leave. Evil Morty wonders if C-137 would let him do what he pleases with his Morty, what with the threat of the weapon plans hanging over his head. He’s not going to ask, but it would be a fair trade. Your Morty for your continued existence. He isn’t sure if this would fly for Dead Wife Rick, though. Morty is effectively Diane’s replacement. Does Evil Morty want Morty this much? Or is he just painfully pent-up?

He'll wait until he's finished to decide.

"M-more," Morty whines.

The device isn't even built. It wouldn't be the opportune time to kidnap this princess into his castle just yet.

Evil Morty's been idly rubbing Morty's cock, urging him to let go slowly. Evil Morty is drunk on the radiating heat from his body and Morty's little gasps. His dick strains painfully in his jeans and against Morty's ass. He ruts against him slowly. Their jeans are always too tight-maybe they like it that way. Mortys are so perverse. It runs in the family.

He made it out of the curve. He can admit he's fourteen and painfully horny and Morty is so, so cute.

Evil Morty found his way to the Creepy Morty during his time on the Citadel, fooled around a bit. He's a Morty, after all, and the libido had to be sated somehow as he carried out his plan. It was nice. Mortys are generally easy to please. This is different, though. Fucking Mortys who had been abandoned by their Ricks or had no means to get another was simple. Cumming in their pants from being held, from a squeeze on the wrist. It was so sad. This Morty–he thinks he and his Rick are in love. Compared to what Evil Morty has seen, and what his Ricks did to him, they may as well be.

"Please?" Morty asks again, and Evil Morty understands C-137 at that moment.

Evil Morty fumbles around in his side table for lubricant, coating his fingers quickly. There's this urge to not keep Morty waiting that alarms him–that he might disappear if Evil Morty stops for even a second. Unconsciously he grips Morty even tighter and Morty unsurprisingly allows it. Evil Morty finds his place again, now allowing his fingers to slip inside Morty's entrance, and Morty full body shudders at the intrusion. Much smaller fingers than he's used to, sure, but size isn't everything. He makes a point to be gentle, ease Morty into it. It's different for the both of them.

"You're so cute," Evil Morty says, voice straining and vision getting a little hazy.

There's nobody here but them but it's embarrassing regardless. Evil Morty can't help himself, though. He wants to be inside Morty so

badly but he can tell neither of them will make it that long. Not this time.

“Oh,” Morty breathes. “S-so are you.”

Morty laughs, easing the mood. He’s shameless too, riding Evil Morty’s fingers totally out of sync. Evil Morty’s a bit offended by that. It means he isn’t doing enough. A gasp escapes Morty’s lips when Evil Morty tightens his grip around Morty’s neck, whispering against the shell of his ear.

“Cute doesn’t mean you can do whatever you want. Don’t fucking move. You’ll cum when I let you.”

There’s a desperate nod of submission and Evil Morty feels Morty clench around his fingers at those words. Evil Morty pointedly ignores his dick, leaking sadly across the ivory skin of his belly. He wants to touch it, give Morty everything. But he's holding back still, refusing to let Morty know the depths of emotion he's drowning in. They're going to cum untouched, anyways. It's easy for them.

“Good boy,” he says, kissing the hot skin of Morty’s neck, letting his teeth catch on it to make a mark. Let Rick see. Evil Morty has the upper hand. Rick probably doesn’t remember half the bruises he leaves on Morty but Evil Morty is certain he’ll recognize marks that aren’t his own. Evil Morty is deliberate with it, sucking at the soft skin to hear Morty gasp.

Morty does his best to stay still and let Evil Morty have his way with him. His lithe thighs tremble with the effort of it. Evil Morty takes it as a compliment, slipping another finger inside, and another when there isn’t a reaction. Evil Morty pulls Morty close, closer, using the arm holding his neck to do so, rutting against him with little refrain.

“Aw, jeez, oh–”

Morty’s body is jelly. He’s breathing hard enough to fog up glass. He wants to cum so badly but he’s obedient and waiting for Evil Morty to allow him, his tiny body straining to hold back. Evil Morty suddenly wishes he was between Morty’s legs to swallow all this up. Taste everywhere, like he’s a sweet treat stolen off a high shelf. Some other time, he will, because he knows Morty will be back.

He near-chokes Morty, thrusting against him and twisting his fingers inside his body to hit that place. It’s not difficult to find–they really

are similar. It's interesting, though. Evil Morty has no real control over this Morty. No remote devices. Nothing. Yet with a well-aimed thrust of his fingers and a whisper in the affirmative, Morty melts. Spasms and cries out completely untouched, uncertain of what name to say because calling your lover "evil" doesn't have the best sound to it even if it's true. Evil Morty grips him through it, following suit untouched in his pants. He allows his fingers to slip out once Morty's done, flipping him over, and taking him in his arms like a doll.

"Why are you crying?" Evil Morty says, but it's not really a question.

It's such a Morty thing. Crying after sex. The overstimulation, the emotional release. He just isn't sure how to deal with it, so he pats Morty's back awkwardly. He wants to clean up. Cum-soaked boxers aren't something he's used to these days.

"C-can I have a kiss?" Morty says, bold and surprisingly clear-headed. Of course, that's what he needs to come down from all of this. With Rick, it's probably a rare occurrence. Morty's needs are elementary. You can kick your puppy every day but with one treat his tail's wagging for you again.

Luckily, Evil Morty isn't a Rick. He licks his fingers, making Morty blush and protest, then pulls him in for a kiss that doesn't end until they've both cum again.

"It's funny," Morty says, quickening the pace of his feet to match Evil Morty's longer strides. "You're–y-you're not a good person."

"No shit. You really know how to flatter a guy. This how you talk to your Rick, or is it just reserved for me?"

Morty laughs and it's the sweetest sound that's ever entered the atmosphere here. "N-no, I mean. It's not–I'm not saying it as a bad thing. To me. Rick is–he's a really, really b– really fucked up person. But he cares about me. Sometimes. You don't believe it, but I-I just know. I have like. Fifty levels of failsafes on–i-in my body."

Rick's even more pathetic than Evil Morty thought. Morty, his little yellow-shirted security blanket.

Evil Morty turns towards Morty, raising an eyebrow, daring him to continue. "Your point?"

“I’m getting there! Jeez. What I’m tryin’ to say is that. Loving people. It’s not always about, like, how good they are. You just feel it. It’s–it’s a neutral thing. You can’t l-logic your way out of it even when you want to.”

You can’t logic your way out of grooming. You can’t logic your way out of grooming that runs so deep it’s ingrained in your DNA. Pity and anger mix in Evil Morty’s stomach like his cells once did in a dish on the Citadel.

“Uh-huh. So you have terrible taste in men,” Evil Morty says, but he can’t look Morty in the eyes anymore. He supposes it’s fair that this is the type of love confession he can receive. “Lucky me.”

“Jeez, l-lay off, can you let me–” Morty shakes his head, collects himself. “Like. My dad kinda sucks, too. But he’s still my dad, y’know? M-my mom…”

Morty trails off at that, seemingly unable to continue. Maybe he should spend some time airing this out in that stuffy strip mall office. It’s surprising, or maybe impressive, that more Mortys don’t completely go off the deep end. It’s not even just Rick. Evil Morty remembers a few Smith homes he lived in that had the titular family inside. The cowardly father, the mother who turned a blind eye in the hero-worship of Rick. All of it was a perfect cocktail that made the decision to leave an easy one. The homes without the rest of the family members, though, the homes where Rick was free to do as he pleased with Morty without the worry of being caught–

Evil Morty isn’t sure which was worse.

“I guess I’m saying that love. It can’t–it doesn’t measure morality. You’ve done p-pretty bad stuff,” Morty manages after a moment.

“Evil Morty. Doer of bad stuff.”

“I-I- like coming here,” Morty ignores Evil Morty’s attempts at deflection. “I like *you* . I-I’m not some fuh-fucking saint either. I’ve like. Y’know. I’ve like killed people and stuff.”

Because Rick told you to or *because Rick made you think it was fine* die on Evil Morty’s tongue. He doesn’t want to give Rick the credit. He likes this Morty, Morty Prime. The aggression he has thrumming under such a loving exterior, a sweet smile. Like a baby snake, more poisonous because it can’t control the venom yet. Evil Morty wants to

own him so, so much, to teach him everything.

To Evil Morty, this is all just a sweet dream. He can end it whenever he wants, and Morty wants to get this out in case he does. Evil Morty's bluff isn't that strong, though.

The two of them continue walking towards the projected horizon. Night, day, it doesn't matter. Evil Morty leads the way and says nothing. There is no real destination. A walk around the block but there's no Gene to wave to, not here.

"I-I have no way of getting to you. You come pi–you come get me. Can green portals even–anyways. Um," Morty shrugs. He's losing his train of thought, not used to having to be the one to fill the silence.

It's cheap, sure, but Evil Morty can't bear to let this conversation go much further so he steals Morty's lips in a kiss, swallowing up the rest of his botched emotional speech and a few lovely gasps.

"Won't you be mine, then," Evil Morty says smoothly, but it hurts more than anything.

Evil Morty doesn't always comment on the tear stains on Morty's face. He's sensitive. It could be that he saw one of those guilt-tripping animal shelter holiday commercials or Summer ate the pudding he was saving for a post-adventure snack. It's not always Rick. But it usually is.

Sex tends to take Morty's mind off whatever it is that made him cry, and Evil Morty selfishly prefers that route. He hates humanity. Most of it. The only way he could experience sexual intimacy is with–himself. A version of himself that's a little different from the rest. A dog who bites back at times.

"Oh," Evil Morty says as he shucks Morty's jeans and underwear down at once. He's met with a mess of semen and blood dripping down his thighs and fresh bruises on Morty's slender hips. Morty's dick is messy, too. He came from this and nobody bothered to clean him up.

"H-he said he was sorry. Drunk, y'know how it goes," Morty groans like he's complaining about the school lunch menu being unappetizing and not the violent, forceful use of his body. "Can we not…?"

In another life, Evil Morty might have been mad. He's just sad, now, and that's worse–anger is easier. It's comfortable.

”Fine,” Evil Morty says, and he isn’t sure if it’s extremely gross or extremely hot to fuck a hole Rick did less than an hour earlier but decides it’s worth it because it’s him that Morty runs to for comfort.

Evil Morty. Comforting. What a life. He doesn’t need to prep Morty, at least, and they both finish in minutes with little gasps out of sync.

“Yeah, this is pretty gross, actually,” Evil Morty says when he pulls out, dick messy with his cum and the remnants of Rick’s. He can’t tell it apart. He enjoyed the act of staking a claim, a fuck-you to Rick. On paper, it’s all very powerful, sure. But the reality of his dick right now is a rude awakening.

“Mean,” Morty says, rolling over to lie on Evil Morty’s chest. “Don’t call me gross, asshole, I-I’m getting you laid out here in–in this place.”

“I didn’t say that you’re gross. He’s gross. This,” Evil Morty motions to his dick covered in the mixed fluids of at least two people, “is gross.”

His heart jumps at how fast he came to Morty’s defense.

Morty quickly pecks Evil Morty on the nose. Somehow, that feels more intimate than everything else they do. An innocent show of playful affection amongst teenagers. Normal teenagers, something they will never get to be. Disconnecting from Rick is like a botched surgery, leaving messy scars all over and remnants of him inside, too deep to gouge out. Only Morty can understand that.

“Thanks for not thinking I’m gross,” says Morty.

That’s the thing about leaving the curve. There’s nowhere else to run. Evil Morty pulls Morty close, as close as he can, and Morty’s saying to let go, it’s too tight but Evil Morty needs him just like this, morphed into his being so he can’t leave.

“Jeez,” Morty says into Evil Morty’s chest. “Clingy much?”

Evil Morty glares at him. Clingy, coming from a Morty, is rich.

“Kidding! I like you too, though,” Morty says, kicking his feet. “Cling–c-cling to me all you want when I’m around.”

Evil Morty has the weapon plans. The upper hand where it matters. How did he let Morty underhand him like this?

Having Morty around makes this paradise feel more lived in. Homey. It's clear he'll never give up Rick until either one of them dies, but even then Evil Morty is sure he'll find a way to wag his tail at Rick in the afterlife. It does stroke Evil Morty's ego somewhat to be fucking C-137's Morty, who was stolen away from Prime before Morty could even wrap his head around interdimensional travel. Evil Morty was a hand-me-down Morty himself, anyway, he gets it. Slowly, he's molding Morty to a shape he's never been for either of those Ricks. Someone he only is when he's here, outside the curve. Who he could be. Rick is powerful, but he isn't immortal. Morty will outlive him someday. When that day comes–

"O-oh," Morty whimpers. He's on Evil Morty's lap and he's never looked so perfect. Flushed and rutting against Evil Morty's knee desperately, too afraid to ask for anything other than what he's given in a situation like this.

Evil Morty's armchair didn't get much use until recently. He always thought it would be nice to use it for things like this, but it was ornamental more than anything. Evil masterminds in movies always have those. Those big armchairs. What was he doing–

"You should never be anywhere but here," Evil Morty hears himself say.

Morty tenses up at that and there's regret, there's sadness. He really does wish he could be in two places at once. Belong to two people. It has to be a bit of an ego trip being desired by two of the most powerful men in any conceivable reality. It's a lot for a fourteen-year-old to grapple with. Evil Morty wonders if Morty has any homework to do when he gets home.

Evil Morty sighs and slips his hands under Morty's shirt, taking his sweet time, letting all the warmth slip into his fingertips, each individual nerve. He then tosses Morty's shirt over his head, exposing him to the air of the room. There's the crackle of a fire, too, because what's an armchair without that? Morty is still moving against Evil Morty's knee, firm underneath him at a slight angle because Evil Morty knows that's what feels good for him. What will feel better though, for the both of them, is Evil Morty's dick buried deep inside Morty. Morty seems to want that too–he always wants more, an insatiable thing, moaning in relief as Evil Morty goes for the hem of his jeans, shucking those off onto the floor.

Evil Morty takes a moment of repose to free his dick, stroking it a bit just for Morty to see. Being feared and respected is nice. Being wanted–that's new. Evil Morty's learning from Morty. Who would have thought? Morty's knees shake as he positions himself over Evil Morty's dick. He's a well-trained pet, always waiting for approval. Evil Morty strokes himself a bit more to make Morty squirm, basking in all the little noises and expressions he makes when he's pent up like this. He sighs when Evil Morty places his hands on his hips and eases him down slowly like honey. Evil Morty exhales when his cockhead meets Morty's entrance, prepped enough from earlier. Morty isn't one to complain.

Evil Morty never thought he could like sex. With Ricks, it was horrible. Degrading. Ripping him apart and treating him like a toy that would end up at some intergalactic pawn shop. Sold for whatever parts were left. With Morty–

Evil Morty pushes Morty down, bottoming out. He's small but he knows how to make Morty feel good. He can figure it out. He pays attention and he hopes Morty does, too, when he goes home and Rick drunkenly fucks him and doesn't care if he cums or not. The worst part is when Rick does care, sometimes.

"Move," Evil Morty breathes out, voice shaking a bit and betraying his facade.

Morty–he's forgiving. He doesn't make a fuss about it but he does seize the opportunity to take one of Evil Morty's hands in his own, lacing their tiny fingers together to anchor him as he obeys. His knees dig into the armchair as he rides Evil Morty with ease. He's loud, or maybe he feels comfortable here with Evil Morty to let it all out. Evil Morty reciprocates Morty's movements, hitting that spot repeatedly because it's fine if he cums fast, they can go all day. Over and over. The combined libido of two fourteen-year-old boys could power a whole planet if harnessed somehow. Evil Morty takes Morty's cock in his free hand, the movement of their bodies adding to the friction. He can't pretend that he isn't sweet on him. That he doesn't want to see him feeling good, having sex that's somewhat reciprocal. Morty is working hard on Evil Morty's cock, bringing him to completion in such a practiced way it breaks Evil Morty's heart.

"Aw, aw jeez, st–I-I can't, I'm gonna," Morty gasps, gripping Evil Morty's hand so hard it's losing feeling. "G-gonna–"

Morty's movements grow shallow in an indication of his orgasm. He likes being filled up. He always cums like that–desperate and with Evil Morty buried as far as he can go. Evil Morty shoves his face into the crook of Morty's neck and it's so warm. He's so sweet. He leans back into the armchair cushion to change the angle a bit and that has Morty crying out, legs collapsing beneath him as Evil Morty cums first, stifling the noise in the flesh of Morty's collarbone. It's as if they've melded together, consolidated their existences into the one they were meant to be. That's how Evil Morty feels after he cums, anyways. It's so different from jacking off, and he's done his fair share of that. You can't replicate the feeling of finishing with another person, holding them in your arms, the sweat and the scent, their voice in your ear–

Morty is cumming too and Evil Morty's hand might break from how hard Morty is squeezing it. He makes a mess between them, muffled " *oh jeez* " and " *oh christ* " audible in the distance of Evil Morty's post-orgasm daze.

"Wow," says an amazed Morty.

Evil Morty's dick is still inside him, spent and flaccid, but Morty always does this. Keeps him trapped so they can talk. He's good at getting what he wants. That's a Morty trait that got Evil Morty this far, so he can't exactly be mad. That's what he tells himself.

"So I was, uh, wondering. D'you–can you like? Record this stuff?" Morty's expression is coquettish.

Evil Morty rolls his eyes. "Obviously. Yes I can and yes I do," he fumbles with his eyepatch, an ever-present comfort, and on the adjacent wall a projection of their aforementioned activities plays.

It would be pointless to lie. He has recordings of Morty doing completely innocuous things, too. Eating, smiling. Having those in his possession is much, much worse than the amateur porn. Morty eagerly crooks his neck to see it.

"Nice," Morty says, eyes bright like starlight from watching porn of himself. Yes, he really might be the Mortiest Morty of them all, and Evil Morty wants to own him.

The dome is pretty big. They haven't fucked everywhere yet but Evil Morty's certain in a couple of months the combined horniness of two

Mortys could achieve that goal. Today, they've been rolling around on astroturf, lazily kissing in between rounds, an abandoned picnic blanket a few yards away from where they currently lie entangled.

"I've been thinking," Evil Morty says, letting his dick slip out of Morty who winces and that alone gets him hard again. Teenage hormones. Ain't it a thing? "I don't know if it like, makes sense that Dead Wife Rick's fucking his Morty or if that makes it extra fucked up."

Morty rolls them over in an act of rebellion, clearly disapproving of the pillow talk this time around. "Wh-wh-what the fuck am I supposed to say to that?"

It's kind of cute how worked up Morty gets at the mention of Diane. She's his lover's ex before his grandmother in his mind. That's normal to him because he's attached to a Rick. Morty never met her, and now they know why. All she is to him is a strange ghost that brought his Rick to him from another dimension.

"Nothing. It's just–"

Evil Morty stifles a laugh which has Morty roll them again to start a childish play-fight. Evil Morty has cybernetic implants. He could do anything to him. And Morty is brave or stupid enough to mess with him. That's why Evil Morty can't resist bringing him here, again and again. Morty isn't afraid.

"Y-you said it yourself. He's a little different–th-than the rest. So," Morty is pinned to the scratchy grass now, shadowed by Evil Morty's body.

Morty's naked while Evil Morty still can't get himself to undress fully, like a thin layer of fabric will protect him from this, how he feels when he's with Morty. As always, Morty doesn't point it out.

"Why are you even bringing him up right now? Isn't that gonna like, kill your boner or somethin'? Jeez."

Evil Morty is hard against Morty's bare thigh and the two stare wordlessly at each other, flushed and stupid horny.

"Maybe it makes it better for me if that guy sort of loves you," says Evil Morty.

Sort of. C-137, underneath it all, the abuse, the possession, the

disregard for Morty's bodily autonomy, there is *something* there. It's ugly and twisted but it exists where in other Ricks it does not. Evil Morty scanned the brains of thousands of Ricks. Saw Mortys treated much worse than he ever was who never turned heel and ran.

He still doesn't understand C-137's tears that day in the keep. He treats his Morty like an object. But he's a prized possession, held in a glass case only Rick can take out and play with. For a Morty, that's enough. That's love. That's why things never work out with Jessica or Carey or anyone else–it's not enough. Rick is a poison. Evil Morty's trying, he's trying so hard to draw it out of Morty. He's not so evil for that.

"You are such an asshole," Morty whispers.

Evil Morty rolls his eyes. Like that's a threat, like that isn't the exact type of person, the only type of person Morty has been molded to adore. Morty is shaking with anger and arousal and Evil Morty gives him a look that says, " *What are you going to do about it* ?" to which Morty's programmed response is to lunge for a kiss.

"Y-you really don't hate me after all, do you?"

Evil Morty groans. "Can we not do this? I'm not your boyfriend, either, I'm not here to–"

"I mean," Morty boldly cuts him off. "You said that once. Y-you almost hate Mortys more than Ricks. 'Cus we worship them and stuff."

Evil Morty doesn't like his own words being turned against him. Especially words he said when he was certain he'd never see Morty Prime or Rick C-137 again. He takes a sip of his drink for effect. To give himself an extra moment.

"Do you see me bringing Rick here to hang out? Am I showing up in his bedroom when he's crying? Wining and dining him? Making him c–"

Morty twiddles his fingers and downturns his lips in that frustratingly adorable way. " *No* ."

"There's your answer, then," says Evil Morty.

Evil Morty's drink topples to the floor, making a whole mess because

Morty's tackled him onto the sofa in what's surely meant to be a hug. Evil Morty's face is plastered with messy kisses. Evil Morty pulls Morty close, stilling his uncoordinated motions, and kisses him long and slow, as if to show him how it's done. A claim. He'll have to drop Morty back off soon. They can't play house forever and Evil Morty won't allow himself to be rejected twice.

"Come back soon," Morty says when he exits the portal later.

There's a reciprocal longing that's knotted up in the middle by one shitty old man to where they can't meet, not fully.

"Sure," Evil Morty says, peeking over his shoulder at Morty who's waving shyly, despite everything. "Maybe we can get married and have a baby or something, too."

" *Wh* –"

"Yeah, yeah, I'll be back," Evil Morty says, closing the portal without a second glance.

He collapses in his bed as soon as he exits, ignoring the request from his automated system to change the sheets, breathing in the scent of another living being.

End Notes

i havent stopped thinking abt these two since we got to see them interact more in 705. cutest teamup ever. evilmo tsundere moments....
hope everyone is doing well

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